NEW-ENGLAND SPIRITUALIST.

A JOURNAL OF THE METHODS AND PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRIT-MANIFESTATION, AND ITS USES TO MANKIND.

PUBLISHED AT 15 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON.] "LIGHT! MORE LIGHT STILL!"—GOETHE. [TERMS, TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE:

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Phenomenal & Philosophical.

MY THEORY, AND A FEW FACTS AGAINST IT.

I am not a "Spiritualist." My bells are never rung or my tables moved by unseen hands. I believe that the "mediums" are humbugs and impostors; and I have no more desire to inquire into the way in which they get up their "manifestations" than I have to investigate the manner in which Signor Blitz or Professor Anderson perform their sleight-of-hand tricks. Of the two, I think these much the cleverer and more respectable performers. Nor have I any faith in ghosts, omens, presentiments, and supernatural warnings. I believe them to be the product of weak nerves or over-excited imaginations. Any occasional coincidence between the omen and the event I hold to be purely accidental.

Such is my theory. In general it is perfectly satisfactory to me. But I own that I cannot reconcile with it certain incidents with which I was closely connected. I have propounded my theory. I will now narrate the incidents.

Many years ago—five-and-twenty or thereabouts—two lads, Harry Burton and George Walters, entered my counting-room on the same day. They were sons of old friends of mine, though they had never seen or heard of each other till they found themselves seated at the same desk in my office. There was a strange likeness between these lads; not close enough, certainly, to make it difficult to distinguish them; but none the less perplexing on that account. The complexion, the color of the hair and eyes, were altogether different, and there was no very striking similarity in the general cast of the features. The likeness lay rather in the absolute identity of expression. The glance of the eye and the turn of the mouth were the same in both. The tone of the voice was exactly alike. To the last I could never, by the ear, distinguish which was speaking. Their movements and gestures were similar. In a word, their resemblance was spiritual rather than material. It was as though one soul animated two bodies.

It was not a little singular also—since one came to us from Massachusetts and the other from Virginia—that they were dressed precisely alike. This continued to be the case ever afterward. I do not believe that there was any direct understanding to this effect, or that either of them was fairly conscious of it. Another coincidence was that they were born on the same day, and, as nearly as could be ascertained, at the very same moment.

From the first, these lads conceived a great fondness for each other. We read of love at first sight—theirs was friendship at first sight. They became almost inseparable.

In my counting-room George and Harry grew up to be two as fine young fellows as one would wish to see, and gave promise of becoming capital men of business. Partly on their own account, and partly from old friendship to their fathers, I had them much at my house, and was by no means sorry to perceive a strong affection springing up between them and Agnes and Mary Clay, the pretty twin nieces of my wife.

For a long time I was puzzled to guess how the couples were to pair off. Each of the young men seemed to be equally attentive to each of the sisters. I could perceive no division of affection. I used sometimes to wonder if each of the young men did not love both of the girls, and *vice versa*. However, I suppose there was a difference perceptible to their hearts. In due time I learned that it was to be George and Mary, and Harry and Agnes.

But God willed that the two-fold marriage was not to take place. Agnes was called to pass the portals of the Silent Land. This bereavement seemed to draw still closer, if possible, the bonds between the survivors; and when at length George and Mary married, there was no thought that Harry should leave them.

In due time the young men left my counting-room and established themselves in business, with flattering prospects. Then came the great crash of 1837, in which so many of our mercantile houses went down. Among those which were swept away was the house of Burton and Walters. I would gladly have assisted them, but it was beyond my power. My own house, which had stood unmoved for a quarter of a century, was sorely shaken, and barely weathered the storm.

George and Harry clung together in adversity as closely as they had done in prosperity. Together they had failed, and together they would re-establish their fortunes. They went to New Orleans and re-commenced business under the old name. Success crowned their efforts, and before many years the house of Burton and Walters had gained a firm position in the Crescent City. From New Orleans up the Mississippi and Ohio, and across the lakes, they were known, personally and by reputation, at every point for business.

During all these years their friendship remained unbroken. They had but one home, and a stranger could never have told which was the head of the family. Mary was equally dear to both. She was seen with one as often as with the other, and with both oftener than with either. Her friends used jestingly to call her Mrs. "Burton-and-Walters," and would ask her how her "husbands" were.

In their frequent visits to New York, my house was invariably their home. They had passed the summer and early autumn of 1852 with us, and were ready to return to New Orleans. Harry and George had business on the river, which might detain them somewhat. Myself and wife were to start for New Orleans by sea in about a week; and, at our earnest request, Mary was induced to remain to accompany us, while Burton and Walters went overland. We all expected to be in New Orleans at about the same time.

On the evening of October 4th (I must now be particular about dates), George and Harry took their departure. The separation was to be for so short a time that few regrets mingled with the parting. All that evening and the next day Mary was as gay and happy as usual. Why should she not be? What evil had she to apprehend?

"Well, Mary," said I, as she was about to retire the next evening, "where do you suppose your husbands are now?"

"In Buffalo, I presume; I hope they are as happy as I am. What a lovely night it is!" she added, drawing aside the curtains and looking out into the calm moonlight. "Surely nothing evil could happen on a night like this." And she bade us good-night with her usual glad smile.

I was roused from sleep by an eager, continuous rapping at my chamber-door. It seemed as though some one, faint with mortal terror, was seeking entrance.

"Who's there?" I exclaimed, springing to the door.

"It's me—Mary. For Heaven's sake let me in. Oh God!"

I opened the door, and there stood, or rather cowered, Mary Walters. Her snowy night drapery was not whiter than her white face. The pale dawn mingling with the faint gas-light in the hall made her look still more ghastly. Her large eye was dilated with horror; her breath came and went in quick, convulsive gasps.

"In Heaven's name, Mary, what is the matter? What has happened?" I asked, as I bore her to the sofa.

"Dead! dead! Both dead—George and Harry! I heard him call me, and I could not go to him. Oh my God, have mercy on me!"

The wild paroxysm soon passed away. She became calm and composed. But a look of stony, unutterable woe settled upon her face, more fearful than the wildest burst of agony.

"Tell us what has frightened you, Mary. Was it a dream?"

"A dream? No. It was all real! I heard him call me with his dying breath, and I could not help him—could not go to him!"

Her voice sounded low and hollow, but she went on speaking with the utmost distinctness:

"I was awakened by hearing his voice calling me. I know it was he. You can not distinguish his tone from Harry's; I can. 'Mary! Mary!' he said; and his voice sounded low and faint, as though it came from a thousand miles away. Yet it was clear and audible, as though breathed into my ear."

"Why, you foolish child, you have been dreaming. It's all over now."

"I was not dreaming. I was as broad awake as I am now. Could *he* call me, and I sleep on?"

"All a dream," said my wife; "I have had the same a hundred times when my husband has been away."

"So I thought at first, and I looked around, to be sure where I was. I saw every object in the room. The moonbeams came calmly in at the window, just as they did when I retired. I saw my dress on a chair by the bedside. It partly hid the open grate. I saw the clock on the mantle. I heard it strike two. I was half reassured, and said to myself, 'It was a dream.' Then again I heard his voice calling, 'Mary! Mary!' I tell you it could be only his voice. Do I not know it? Could I ever mistake it? It seemed as though my name was wrung out from his lips by the agonies of death. I tried to spring up. I was powerless. I could not move a limb. I tried to speak, but could not utter a sound."

"Oh! the night-mare, Mary. You must not lie upon your back, child."

"It was not the night-mare. I was not lying on my back. Listen to me. I lay upon my side looking toward the grate, which was partly hidden by the chair, upon which hung my clothes. As I lay, incapable of speech or motion, a picture—no, not a picture—a real scene slowly opened up far within that grate. It was far off—how far I know not—a thousand miles perhaps; but there it was. I saw it. My husband was lying in a narrow room, lighted by a single lamp, in the extremity of mortal agony. I saw Harry bending over him, vainly endeavoring to relieve him. At intervals I heard him call my name in the same fearful tones that had awakened me—tones that never yet came from human lips until the seal of death was upon them. The little room where he lay was only half-lighted, and the chair partly hid it, so that I could only partially make it out. It seemed more like the cabin of a vessel than an apartment in a house. But there he lay, in mortal agony, calling upon me. I saw all; I heard all. I knew that in my body I was lying here in your house, yet in soul I was there too. I knew every thing that passed there and here. I heard every footstep that passed along the pavement here. I saw all the while every thing in my room. I saw the calm moonlight shining coldly through the half-drawn curtains. I was *there* too. In soul I was in that dark room. I saw the death-dews gathering on his forehead. I heard him calling my name. I heard too, as I remember, something that sounded like the rush of waters poppling against the side of a vessel. Then all was dark. I could see nothing; but I heard my husband's groans of agony. I heard him again and again call my name. The clock on the mantle struck successively three, four, and five; so I knew that I had lain in speechless, motionless agony, three hours. Day began slowly to break *here* and *there*—here calm and bright, there gusty and overcast. Then, as the gray dawn lighted up the room—both rooms—that in which I lay in body, and that in which my husband's life was ebbing away—I saw *there* new faces. I heard eager voices whispering; what they said I could not distinguish. At last I heard my husband's voice calling my name in a tone of deeper agony. Then for a moment all was still. Some one said, 'It's all over. He's dead. Call Burton.' Then I heard a voice, apparently from another room, saying, 'Good God! Burton is dead!' With a strong wrench I burst the invisible bonds that had held me. The distant scene faded away. I saw the dawn streaming in at the window, and heard the clock on the mantle strike six. I rushed down to your door, where you found me."

I could not but be impressed with the earnestness with which she spoke. Still I put the best face on the matter.

"You were nervous, Mary. Your fancy and your fears were unduly excited. You have had a severe attack of the night-mare. It's all over now. Before night you will have a dispatch telling you that all's well."

"Mr. Winter," said she, "you have known me from a child. Did you ever know me to be nervous or fanciful? I was not disquieted. I had no evil forebodings. I never went to rest a happier woman than last night. I never slept more calmly than I did until I was awakened by my husband's cry. I was never more fully awake and conscious than I was during those long hours of deadly agony. I tell you that I heard my husband's dying voice, and I shall never hear it again with my living ears. I tell you he is dead—they are dead. I must go this very day after them. I shall never see them living, but I must look on their dead faces. Mr. Winter, you will help me now. I must go."

Her piteous look moved me.

"Yes, Mary, I see that you are bent upon it. If we do not hear good news to-day, you shall go by the evening train."

Toward noon a telegraphic dispatch was brought to me. I gave it a hasty glance, and hurried to Mary.

"Here, my child, is good news! Is not this a consoling message from two dead men? Listen: 'Buffalo, October 6, 8 A. M. Start for Cleveland in an hour. All well.—B. & W.' Now, how about your dreams?"

"It was no dream," she replied. "I saw him die. I heard his last cry with my own mortal ears. His living voice I shall never hear again. But I may look upon their dead faces. I must go. Will you aid me?"

"But, Mary, you heard—or thought you heard—all this in the night; and here you have a message from them, alive and well, hours afterward."

"If they are not dead now, they will be before I can reach them. It was a forewarning. I heard his dying voice. I must go. Will you help me?"

It was in vain to struggle against this fixed idea; and I left her with a promise to see her safely on her way. My friend Marston was to start in a couple of days for New Orleans by the western route, and at my earnest entreaty he agreed to hasten his departure and go that very evening.

At Buffalo they met a score of persons who had seen George and Harry leave for Cincinnati in perfect health. Marston and Mary lost no time, and followed on their route. As they had intended, Burton and Walters had twice stopped over a train to transact some business. At Cincinnati they were almost overtaken; George and Harry were only six hours ahead. The river was too low to allow the usual steamers to run when fully loaded. But the *Forest City* was to run down the next day without freight to Cairo, and there take in a cargo. Just as they had decided to wait for her, they learned that the little *Fox*, which, it was said, could run in a heavy dew, was about to start. They took passage on her, and set off without delay.

Marston and his companion learned this at Cincinnati, and remained overnight for the *Forest City*. Although the *Fox* had eighteen hours' start, it was hoped that the *Forest City* would overhaul her at Cairo. In this they were disappointed. No sooner had they touched the wharf than Marston recognized an acquaintance.

"Hallo! Wilson!" he shouted. "How are you? Is the *Fox* in?"

"Yes, and gone—an hour ago."

"Did you see Burton and Walters?"

"Yes, they were on board. I saw them off."

"How were they? Mrs. Walters is with me. She got frightened, and would follow after. We hoped to overtake them here."

"She need have no fear. They were never better. They intend to stop at Memphis. You'll overhaul them there."

The *Forest City* remained at Cairo for two days. From here Marston wrote me a full account of all that had happened. Mary, he said, was unmoved in her opinion. She was not wild or demonstrative, but calm and sad. "The bitterness of death is passed," she said, in reply to all attempts at encouragement. "I shall never behold them alive, but I shall look upon their dead faces. You are very kind; I thank you for it. But they are dead. I heard his dying words." "What nervous things women are!" moralized Marston. "I wonder what she will say when she meets her husband!"

This letter reached me by the evening mail of the 12th. I will own that I was greatly reassured by it; for in spite of myself, I could not wholly divest myself of a lingering feeling that something was amiss.

Some friends dined with me that evening. Among them was Watson, of the Telegraph Company. I told them of the whole affair, and made light of Mary's vision and her journey. I took some blame to myself for permitting her to go on such a wild-goose chase. Perhaps I was not altogether unselfish, for my wife and myself had anticipated much pleasure from her company on our voyage. "But you know," I added, apologetically, "when a woman takes a whim into her head, there's no beating it out. To do Mrs. Walters justice, this is her first offence of that kind."

So we chatted gayly, over our wine and cigars, of ghosts and omens; of dreams, visions, and apparitions; of spiritual rappings and table-turnings; distributing the blame for these things pretty impartially between dreams, nightmares, roguery, and folly; summing up the whole matter in the comprehensive word, "Humbug."

Late in the evening, a telegraphic dispatch was left at my door. It was addressed to a mercantile friend, who had sent it up to me.

"Ha! here's something about Burton and Walters," said I, as I ran my eye hastily over it.

"What is it? Read it."

"'Memphis, October 12. Cotton, so-and-so. Jones all right. Smith and Parker failed. River low. Burton and Walters both dined here to-day. Tell Winter."

"Dined! Well, that does not look much like dead men. I'll wager that at this very moment Mrs. Walters is enjoying a pleasant supper with her two husbands," said Watson. "After all, she's a woman out of a thousand. Here's a happy evening to them! What a pair Burton and Walters are,—always together. I do believe if one should die the other could not survive"

"They were always so," I replied. "You know they were brought up in my counting house."

"Yes, and they are a credit to you," said Watson. "Give me another cigar. Thank you. Don't trouble yourself for a light—this will do."

As he spoke he took up the dispatch which I had flung upon the table.

"Ha! What's this?" he cried, as his eye fell casually on the concluding words. "Confound their carelessness. They're always making blunders. Did you see how this reads: 'Burton and Walters *died* here to-day.' That's how the careless fellows have written it."

So it was; a little indistinctly written indeed, but it was evidently *died*, not *dined*.

"Of course," said Watson, "it should be *dined*. Though, for the matter of that, it's about the same thing in Memphis, judging from a horrid dinner I once got there. I almost died of it. As it is, there's no great harm done, for we know what it should have been. But it might have done a world of evil. Suppose Mrs. Walters had been here! I'll bring those fellows up with a short turn. Come down to the office with me, and see how they'll catch it."

We reached the office, and Watson took his seat at the instrument. The sharp clicking of the machine was heard as his message flew over the wires:

"What do you mean by your blunders? You sent on word that Burton and Walters *died*, instead of *dined*, as it should have been. Mind your *p*'s and *q*'s."

"Your *n*'s you should have said, Watson."

"It's all one. Wait half an hour, and see what they'll say to that. They know I mean something when I blow them up."

In due time the bell tinkled, and the answer came. Watson read it off word for word:

"'B. and W. came down on the *Fox* last night. Both *died* this morning. Dispatch correct. Mrs. Walters came down on the *Forest City* this afternoon."

When the *Forest City* reached Memphis, Marston saw an acquaintance on the wharf.

"Wilson, how are you? Did you see the *Fox*?"

"Yes. Burton and Walters—"

"I know they were on board. They are to stop a day or two in Memphis. Do you know where they are? Mrs. Walters is with me. We've come after them. It's a singular story. I'll tell you some time."

"Mr. Marston, they are dead."

"Dead! You are jesting. We heard of them at Cairo two days ago. They were in perfect health."

"Would to God I were jesting! But it is too true. The *Fox* came in late last evening. Burton and Walters came at once to my store-boat, which lies off the wharf. My partner has been absent for a week, during which time I have not slept at home. 'Come boys,' said I, 'you do not want to go up to the town to-night; turn in here, and keep boat for me, and I'll go home.' Just as I was about to bid them good-night, Walters said that he felt a little out of sorts, and asked for a glass of brandy.

"'There! I'm all right now,' said he, when he had drunk it. 'Go home to your wife. Burton and I will keep boat for you.'

"Just as day was breaking I was aroused by a violent ringing at my door. Going down, I found Burton in a state of high excitement, amounting almost to frenzy.

"'Walters is terribly sick,' said he. 'I was afraid he would die in the night. Where shall I find a physician? Come down to the boat.'

"Leaving an urgent summons for a physician who lived close by, we hurried down. On the way Burton told me, as well as he could, what had happened. They had retired shortly after I had left. Walters had complained of a slight uneasiness, but said a night's rest would put him all right again. Just at two o'clock Burton was awakened by hearing his companion calling 'Mary! Mary!' in a tone of anguish. He was sure of the hour, for he heard the clocks strike at the moment. The sufferer grew momentarily worse. His agonies were intolerable, and at intervals he called despairingly upon his wife. Burton knew not what to do. He would have gone for a physician, but he knew not where to seek one; besides, Walters implored him not to leave him. At length he could bear it no longer, and was on the point of going in search of a physician, when, by some accident, the lamp was extinguished, and they were left in darkness. He had forgotten the position of the plank which formed the only connection between the boat and the wharf, and it was vain to endeavor to find it by groping in the blank darkness among the boxes and bales with which the boat was encumbered. For two hours he remained in the dark with his suffering friend, listening to his groans, and the piercing cries with which he called for his absent wife. As soon as the earliest dawn enabled him to find his way he set out in search of aid.

"The physician reached the boat almost as soon as we did. It was still early morning, and the daylight, mingled with that from the lamp, which we had lighted again, shone ghastly upon the hollow face of the sufferer. The first glance which the medical man caught of poor Walters was enough.

"'It's the cholera,' he whispered, hoarsely, 'He is in the last stages of collapse. He can not live half an hour.'

"Still we did all that could be done, in the faint hope that the progress of the disease might be arrested. We chafed his cold limbs, and administered the most powerful stimulants. I once happened to look on Burton's face, and was shocked at its aspect. He said, however, in answer to my inquiry, that he was well; but he looked twenty years older than he had done the evening before.

"'You can do nothing more, Mr. Burton,' said the doctor. 'He can not hold out a quarter of an hour. Lie down for a few minutes. We will call you when all is over.'

"I dragged him to the door of the adjoining cabin, and heard him fling himself heavily into a berth. In a few minutes a terrible paroxysm convulsed the frame of poor Walters.

"'It's the last,' whispered the doctor.

"He opened his eyes wide, looked eagerly around, and cried out, 'Mary! Mary!' in a tone which still rings in my ears. It was the last effort of nature. His eyes closed, his jaw fell, his convulsed limbs straightened themselves. He was dead. At that moment I heard the clock strike six.

"'Poor Burton,' said the doctor. 'He must be told,' and he stepped into the next cabin. In a moment I heard a great cry.

"'Good Heavens! Burton is dead, too!'

"I rushed in, and there, lying upon his face in the berth where he had flung himself, was Burton, lifeless. He must have died at the very same instant with his friend."

"How shall I break the tidings to Mrs. Walters?" said Marston to himself, as he returned to the *Forest City*. "Poor woman! It will kill her." His heart failed him as he stepped on board. "I can not do it."

Mary met him as he entered the cabin.

"Mr. Marston," said she, calmly, "there is no use of attempting to disguise the truth. You need not attempt to soften the blow. I can read it all in your face. But that was not needed. I know they are dead. Tell me how they died. I can bear it. The bitterness of death was passed a week ago."

And bear it she did, bravely and nobly, as a woman always bears a great woe. . . . . .

I started with giving my general theory about omens, presentiments, and spiritual manifestations. Here are the facts, which I can not reconcile with my theory. For their perfect accuracy I vouch. I still hold to my theory. But I can not reconcile them.—*Harper's Magazine.*

For the New England Spiritualist.

TRANSMIGRATION.

BY A. M. POTTER.

It will be remembered by the readers of the *New England Spiritualist*, that in an article on PRE-EXISTENCE, I laid down as an assumption, arising from *necessity*, — the eternity of Matter and Mind. That each were self-existent, of course uncreated, and eternal; That, in the element of Matter, is the Atom, and in the element of Mind, the Individual. Not attempting to follow the language there used, it was in substance assumed also, that consciousness of being was one of the attributes or elements in the Individual. That Mind or Spirit, and Matter, were two distinct elements, underivable one from the other, and that various difficulties must arise if the hypothesis of creation is to be entertained in the sense of a substance being caused or produced where before was no substance, — in other words, that something from nothing is a palpable absurdity. Hence, if Mind exists, and is underived from Matter, it must exist independent of matter, — though it may be dependent upon it as a medium of manifestation, — and if created, must have been created from absolute nothing; and the same of Matter, as regards its being created.

That the *Universe* was never less than *Universe*, which it must have been and is yet, if worlds have been or are created, or if spirits or existences, from not being, begin to exist. That, inasmuch as individual existences and atoms constitute the *Universe*, and ever have, and ever will, each are infinite, as regards their duration and numbers, else the Universe may be less or more than a whole. That change of form and conditions is the law, not of Matter only, but also of Mind. That Immortality for Man can alone be demonstrated upon the hypothesis of the Pre-existence or eternal being of all consciously intelligent existences.

And to this I may now add, that it defies my strongest efforts at reason, or boldest flights of the imagination,

to understand how the "germ" of a spirit, or how even a "breath" or a "spark" of God, from not having a conscious existence and individualism, is to come in possession of that which seems so important an element, especially if it be an element derivable from this physical body. Or, if it obtain consciousness by virtue of the body, how it shall retain it at death? for I am unable to divine how Matter is convertible into Spirit, or even if convertible, or in other words if the Spirit was somehow a different form of Matter, how it could disengage itself from its brotherhood of earth-atoms. Again, if each "breath" or "spark" of God, from being a part of God, was yet a distinct conscious individual, then God is but a conglomerate of beings, a sort of Treasure-place of spirits, — or perhaps God is the *Universe*, and all spirits are the Mind, and all Matter the body of God!

Holding it as one of the laws of *necessity*, that our conscious existence as individuals, — not, however, as Man, except from infancy, — has had no beginning, it will at once appear that the combined experiences of the Eternal Past must surpass our strongest comprehension. But while we may be able to comprehend a general principle, it by no means is true always, that we can take in clearly the minutiæ. We may understand *Eternity* as Time without beginning or end, and so in degree cover the whole in a word, yet if we attempt to divide it into cycles, or ages, or epochs, the mind is at once overwhelmed. Or, more familiarly, it is easy to learn of London, that it is a city in England; but what man could attain, even to a respectable degree, anything of its minutiæ? So it may be said that each of us is an inhabitant of the Universe, and from having ever been, shall ever be; yet it cannot be supposed that as men, we can be able to comprehend all the *Past* of our being, so long as we are unable to understand or remember all that belongs to our present life.

And what if our memory extends not to the experiences of the eternal Past, — and what if we are only conscious of having existed in this body, and as inhabitants of earth, — is it therefore a fact beyond question, is it a demonstrated matter, that no existence has been ours, except that we now hold? Is there a man on the earth whose memory is so acute, so retentive, that he is clearly cognizant of the *first time* in which he was conscious of being, as a Man? If, then, not one remembers the days and experiences of infancy, is it therefore true, that each for himself never was common to its laws? If the events of infancy are all gone, and are not, so far as our consciousness of them is concerned, must our memory be full of detail, of all before infancy? If memory aids not of the Past, it really proves only that as a faculty common to our present life it holds the things common to it; and yet not wholly this, since the experience of a most essential portion of our life on the earth, is a complete blank long before we reach manhood. So perfect is the erasure, that even every trace of the fond mother's face, though it had been as that of an angel's, no longer lives in the mind, if that dear mother have departed from us at an early day in our life.

We insensibly fall away into sleep, and cannot mark the last trace of consciousness, or think over again the last thought, but waking, we remember the things of to-day because of being in the same body and like conditions. While we slept, a dream is interposed, and we are conscious, and live, and act, and yet are conscious of nothing not common to the dream. It is as if all the rest of our being were not, and this little section were left; we live, but only in one little present stand-point. So is memory as related to our present phase of being. The pupil forgets the various proportions of a problem, while some crabbed sentence in Latin is being unravelled.

Nor am I at all certain, that it is one of the absolute laws of our being as Man, that the Past can give us nought of its experiences. I am not sure we have attained to a knowledge and exercise of all the faculties that belong to our present phase of being. It is but some ten years since *Psychometry* was an unknown faculty! And yet even now not more than one in ten thousand have even heard the name, much more are aware of this wondrous, magic power. And if so wondrous a faculty has lain dormant for thousands of years, — so far as its being recognized as a faculty capable of a distinct expression and reliable, — while millions upon millions have never even suspected its existence, who shall say what other latent powers are not within us, and need only to be unfolded?

Our danger always lies in narrowing down our range of vision, — our reach after good and truth, — and our only safety or wisdom is in expansiveness. Like the youngling bird it should be our delight and our good, to reach out to our utmost, and having done so, to reach out again, and thus add strength to strength.

Changing our point of view, it may be justly said, as I think, that to *enjoy* and to *learn*, that we may the more enjoy, seems the highest reach of our desires, and that for which we are all striving hardest. To learn, that we may enjoy, it is a necessity ever to be desired, that in our Future should be something not yet understood. Following largely the principle of correspondences, as I understand it, it may be said of the *Universe*, that it is one vast, measureless, exhaustless *library*, containing all there is of *knowledge*, and requiring all there is of Time, — or rather of *Eternity*, — to master its pages. Each page will need, or has required, the concentrated action of the mind, even to a forgetfulness, — a present unconsciousness, — of all beside, or all not common to the subject, and will benefit only as it serves to enlarge the area of our experience, and give tone to our wisdom.

Again, it may be said of the *Universe*, that, as regards *space*, and *Eternity* as regards *Time*, each are *Infinite*. On the contrary, each part cannot be infinite, in the sense that the whole is infinite. So it is, that each of the existences in the Universe, — there is no without, of course — is finite as regards Knowledge, Power, Time, or Being, since each, being but a part, is finite. And the Universe being infinite, as regards space, and all within space, it is evident that an infinite Knowledge must be had, if all be known! And, from having a certain apportionment of Power, yet being but an individual, each is finite in Power. Not an existence in the Universe has seen *Eternity* consummated, and though each has lived in the *Past*, there remains still, all the *Future*, so that each is finite as regards the duration of existence.

One grand, illimitable ocean of Time and Space and Being stretches out before us, and none need fear for *time enough* in which to do anything the mind may demand. And though we use ages as the seconds of our present life, our Future is not one whit the less for so much of prodigality. One need only fear, lest after all it prove a reality, that even *ennui* may steal upon us, and we grow weary of our being. If any doubt this, let them study more, even the most extended reach of all their faculties, and in view of such perceptions of their play-ground, find enough of either work or play during the interminable ages of Eternity, if they can.

[*To be Continued.*]

The Spiritualist.

A. E. NEWTON, Editor and Publisher.

"I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now."—Jesus.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1857.

Communications in this number. — "*Transmigration*," by Dr. Potter, is the first of a short series, which very likely will afford the reader some new ideas on an old topic. We may, perhaps, have a word to say when the series is completed.

"*Was Man always Immortal?*"—In this communication our correspondent has broached a theory which will be new to many readers, and which we think it will be difficult to maintain. The appearance of Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration does not seem to rest on the conjecture of Peter alone, but each of the three historians who mention it, distinctly avers that they were there [see Matt. xvii.; Mark ix.; Luke ix.]. Numerous other cases, also recorded in Bible history, of the appearance of deceased persons, and of beings in the form of men, anterior to the advent of Jesus, as well as his own declaration to the Sadducees, that "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living; for *all live* unto Him," (that is, to His cognizance)—to say nothing of equivalent testimony preserved in the records of almost all nations, convey to our mind a much greater weight of evidence to show that man had an immortal nature before Jesus lived, than is afforded to the contrary by certain obscure passages of writers who may have thought otherwise on the point. True, Scripture evidence can be cited on both sides of the question, as of almost every other question; but if our correspondent's general theory is correct, — viz., that man gradually attained unto the gift of immortality, — we think he should date its first reception far anterior to the birth of Jesus, — even though some of the more extravagant followers of the divine man of Nazareth may have been disposed to regard him as its first possessor.

To Correspondents. — Dr. Mayhew. Yes, with pleasure.

"M." — We do not see that your observations throw any new light on the subject discussed, and therefore respectfully decline them.

D. C. R. and J. P. B. Interesting test facts are always welcome. J. P. B. is at liberty to use the article referred to as he pleases.

HELP THE STRUGGLING.

While at work in our garden, the other morning, our attention was attracted by a violent fluttering, as of some insect, near our side. On looking for the cause, we found a yellow butterfly entangled in the meshes spread upon the garden fence by a crafty and voracious spider. The aspiring insect was making vigorous efforts to free itself, but was only becoming the more deeply entangled thereby. Its golden wings were already so enwound with the silken lines of the cunning snare, that its delivery by its own efforts was utterly hopeless; and moreover it seemed doubtful if any aid that could be rendered would avail to restore to it the ability to fly, without which continued life would be no blessing. Our first thought, therefore, was to abandon it to its melancholy fate, as the lawful prey of a wily and cruel foe, which Nature seems to have designed to live upon the misfortunes of the unwary,—though, coward as he was, the spider had not yet ventured from his hiding-place.

But a better suggestion followed. We thought to give it at least a chance of deliverance, if it was not too late. We reached out to the struggling insect a tiny straw. Instantly it seized upon the proffered aid, and, seemingly rousing all its energies, by a mighty effort tore itself from the web. Still its wings seemed useless from the entanglements which adhered to them, and we placed it carefully upon the grass that we might look for some means of removing the filmy snare. But ere we had time to give further assistance, by another struggle the butterfly had freed itself from all bonds, and was soaring joyously in the free morning air — testifying by its lively curvettings its gratitude for deliverance.

Need we delineate the *moral* of this little incident? The butterfly is a fit emblem of the spiritual nature in man. It is the constant symbol of *Psyche* (the soul) in the poetic mythology of the ancients. How often does the human soul, fitted by nature to soar aloft in the pure atmosphere of heaven, yet in the vicissitudes of its rudimental earth-experience, fall into the meshes of error, get entangled in the snare of sensualism and sin, and struggle in vain for deliverance by its own unaided power! And how often — nay, how surely — do ministering angels, (visible and invisible,) attracted by its struggles for deliverance, reach down some instrumentality of succor, on which it may seize, and by its own efforts, conjoined with superior aid, extricate itself! Yes! glorious is the thought that this is no matter of chance or accident, but by universal and inevitable law, each soul is watched over in all its varied course by unseen guardians, ready, in such way as superior wisdom may deem best, to extend succor to them that are tempted; and by the same universal and inevitable law, those who vigorously lay hold on the deliverance thus set before them, will eventually escape all dangers and snares, however craftily or cruelly they may be spread.

We might speak of the excellent illustration here afforded of the vexed question relative to human and Divine agency in man's redemption — of the uses of prayer, or calling out (not necessarily in an audible voice, but by the yearning of the spirit) for aid from superior sources — and of the dangers to which even the unsuspecting and the innocent are exposed, and which need to be vigilantly guarded against, in the present state of existence. But, leaving the reader to pursue these topics for himself, we add the single suggestion, that the most melancholy feature in the life of the soul, is, that, unlike this bravely struggling insect, it is too apt, when caught in the wiles of error, sensualism, or sin, to either hug its fetters with delusive pleasure, or to lie down in supineness, and make little or no effort to escape! Alas! alas! for poor Psyche when she yields herself willingly or with weak resistance to those seductive but cruel vampyres, Lust and Self-Love! Let all innocent human butterflies, who flit so gayly from flower to flower in life's bright morning, beware of the dens and the toils of these devourers! but should any be so unfortunate as to be caught therein, let them not fail to struggle, and implore, and put forth all their energies for deliverance, and help will come! For there is an angel-world, and there are beings unseen whose mission and delight it is to help all who endeavor to help themselves.

One thought more; should we not be ever ready to proffer aid to the fallen, however hopeless their condition may seem? Perhaps the very offer may rouse the aspirations and energies of the soul to an effort before impossible — to a struggle which shall break the chains of its captivity—while neglect, censure, or harshness may render deliverance impossible.

"God's love,
Flowing through man's sweet pity, hath no bound;
'Tis adequate all natures to restore."

ANOTHER REVISION OF THE BIBLE NEEDED.

The *Pawtucket Gazette*, having mis-stated our position on the matter of love relations, in consequence of following the lead of the *Boston Journal*, has the magnanimity to set its readers right by giving a quotation from our columns, distinguishing between conjugal and other loves. It adds, however, the following sage suggestions:—

"It would be well enough if *all* to whom the doctrine should be preached would observe, in practice, the distinction between the two kinds of love spoken of. But would they? We doubt, and do not believe it is good policy to try to persuade married women that it is their right and duty to *love* men who are not their husbands, or married men that it is their right and duty to *love* women who are not their wives. We believe that mischief will come of it. *Love* is not the right word, and its use in this connection had better be abandoned. We are not unwilling to see *friendship* between the human family inculcated, but we protest against this love — this *free love* — theory.

"What will the Bible be used for next? In the number of the *Spiritualist* before us it is not only appealed to to justify unrestricted love, but to sustain the convenient position that the spirits cannot reasonably be expected to perform their tricks in the presence of unbelievers, or in lighted rooms! Fudge."

"Fudge" is a "very convenient," but not very conclusive reply to our arguments. It is doubtless used, however, merely because this editor could say nothing better.

If *love* is not the right word to use, and "mischief will come of it," then the Bible ought to be either at once banished from the world, or subjected to a revision which shall expurgate all such *mischievous* precepts as "Love one another," "Love all men," etc. What marvellous wisdom and purity some people have attained in this age!

SPIRITUAL TESTS.

Milo A. Townsend, of New Brighton, Pa., writes us as follows:—

I have recently had some very satisfactory tests of spirit-agency and identity through the mediumship of J. V. Mansfield, of your city.

I addressed a letter to a dear friend residing in the spirit-land, sealing it securely in an envelope. To this letter, I attached only my first name. I then addressed a little note to Mr. Mansfield, requesting him to obtain, if practicable, an answer to my letter, and return it, with whatever he received in reply. To this note I attached a *fictitious* signature, thus affording Mr. M. no clue to my own name or that of my spirit-friend, or to any of the contents of my letter.

After the lapse of about two weeks, the letter addressed to my spirit-friend is returned to me by Mr. M. — the seal undisturbed, and accompanying it is a lengthy and deeply interesting communication, involving the following tests:—

1. I am addressed by my own name, and the name of my spirit-friend is signed to the communication.
2. Allusions are made to various incidents in her earth-life.
3. The numerous interrogatories I make are correctly answered.
4. The mode of expression in several particulars strikingly resembles hers while on earth.
5. The signature is an excellent *fac simile* of her own autograph.
6. She alludes to other of my spirit friends, and gives their names.

A SALUTARY LESSON.

A friend in an adjoining city sends us the following, the truth of which is vouched for by several responsible persons:—

One evening, not long since, in the city of L———, a small company of young folks were accidently assembled, one of whom (a young lady) was a medium. Of course, the rest of the company were anxious to see the manifestations. The medium, however, declined sitting to the table; whereupon others of the company *assumed* to be influenced, representing in satire all phases of mediumship. Their mirth was soon checked in a manner they had not looked for. The real medium was entranced, and the controlling spirits informed them that, to teach them better than to ridicule these things, a mist should be cast before their eyes; and strange as it may appear, all present, save the medium and one other well-behaved person, were struck with blindness. Then followed a perfect uproar. Some were so alarmed that they cried like children; some begged the "spirits" to bring back their sight; and some even "cried aloud to the Most High, and spared not." In due time, to their joy and their *shame*, they were permitted again to behold the light, possessed of so much *wisdom*, that they don't tell every one how they like the manifestations, neither will they, on all occasions, *act* as mediums.

Manifestations at the Camp Meeting.— A correspondent of the *Gazette*, writing from Eastham Camp Meeting, says there are many curious manifestations of spirit power to be witnessed there. We quote a portion of his letter:—

"I should judge there were a great many of that class of persons here known as mediums. I have seen some of the men taken and shook violently, by a power clearly beyond their own control, and then thrown upon the ground, where they would roll and tumble, and finally sink into a deep trance and become perfectly quiet.

"The ladies are similarly operated upon, though perhaps less powerfully than the men. Every one, however, seems to work with an honesty of purpose that is certainly commendable for its earnestness, and does not fail in many instances of the desired effect. I have myself in some of the tents heard loud rappings on the trunks and boxes, and in several instances have been taken by the shoulders when no one, in the body at least, was near enough to reach me with their hands."

"Progressive Friends."— As will be seen by resolutions elsewhere printed, a Convention of Spiritualists at Rockford, Ill., has adopted, and recommends to Spiritualists generally, this distinctive designation. It would be difficult to suggest a more appropriate one, where anything more specific than *Spiritualists* is desirable — as may be the case when associative bodies for religious purposes are organized. The originators of that designation may perhaps claim precedent right to its use; yet we know of nothing in their published sentiments which should prevent their fraternizing heartily with liberal and progressive Spiritualists.

Standing Item. — The promised report of the Harvard Professors has not yet appeared.

WHAT THE SPIRITS CAN DO.

We copy the following account of a wonderful operation from the *Cambridge Chronicle* of last week, to which journal it is communicated by Mr. C. H. Wiggin.

It has ever been acknowledged by all persons who have had the misfortune of diseased teeth that an operation upon them is most painful and disagreeable.

The wife of the writer of this article has been troubled with diseased teeth for many years, and has suffered beyond description. They all became more or less decayed during the last year or two, and many of them ulcerated and much inflamed. The thought of having them extracted to make room for an artificial set was painful; but she, being a believer in spiritual intercourse and a medium through whom spirits communicate, consulted those higher intelligences; and the spirit of her venerable grandfather (a reverend gentleman when in the form) told her, that she had better have them out, for they were doing her a great injury; and that he would influence her so that she would not realize any pain by the operation.

After considerable meditation, she came to the conclusion that she would go and have a trial, and see if her grandfather would fulfil his promise. In company with two other ladies, she went to the office of Dr. Munsell, dentist; and took a seat in his chair.

The dentist commenced as usual by cutting round the teeth, after which he applied the instrument, and extracted eight without stopping.

The patient sat with her hands crossed in her lap, and it did not as much as excite a nerve nor cause her to utter a word of complaint, but the controlling influence remarked to the dentist that he picked them out in good shape. The dentist was puzzled somewhat by hearing his patient talk as she did, not knowing what condition she was in. It rather confused him, as it undoubtedly would any dentist.

The spirit having the control of the patient told the dentist when she was ready for him to commence again, and placed her in the most favorable position. When the dentist had extracted all but her eye-teeth, (twenty-nine in number), he commenced upon one of them; and after exhausting his strength in a great measure, relinquished his hold to rest.

The spirit told him to take hold of the tooth again, and not relinquish his hold, until he had extracted it, which he did in an able manner; he also extracted the other tooth, after which the patient still remained in a trance state. The dentist was somewhat concerned about his patient, she being in rather a curious state of mind; but he thought he could relieve her by applying two leeches, one upon either side of the head.

After he had procured his leeches, the spirit asked him what he was going to do with the leeches. The dentist said he was going to apply them to the patient. The spirit told him that he did not want to have them applied, for she did not need them; but the dentist insisted that he knew best about it. So the spirit seeing that he would have his way, told him to prick a place for them to take hold, and put them on *if he could*. The dentist pricked a place for the two, and tried for nearly an hour to put them on, but had to give up, being much vexed at the disobedient creatures.

The patient shortly came to her natural state of mind, and was greatly surprised to find that she had thirty-one teeth extracted, without any knowledge of it.

It is worthy of remark here, that the young dentist, who has taken rooms in Dowse's building and has become a resident of our city, performed the operation in a manner that proved him to be a master of his business.

I might repeat much of the conversation that passed between the dentist and the controlling influence, all of which would go to prove the reality of spirit communion.

I will relate another little incident that happened at my house last winter. My wife took a sudden cold in her face and jaws, which resulted in a severe neuralgia. The pain was most intense; she could not sleep, nor make herself comfortable in any position.

We had a circle meeting one evening when she was suffering the severest pain and scarcely able to sit up, when the spirit of a physician put her into a trance state; another medium present was also put into a trance state, by my wife's grandfather. The medium as soon as she was under his control, placed herself in a standing position by the side of my wife. The spirit then said through the medium, that he was going to show us what the *spirits could do*; that he should take all the pain and inflammation from my wife and put them into the medium under his control; so that when the two mediums were relieved from the influence, the one under his control should have all the pain of the other; and to the surprise of all present, it proved to be so, although to the great dissatisfaction of the person to whom the pain had been transferred. The medium suffered much pain for a short time, but was relieved by the same influence. Neither of them from that time have suffered any pain from that source. I could relate many incidents that have come under my observation, that would be incontrovertible evidence that spirits do communicate to mortals.

EMMA JAY BULLENE.

This lady, one of the earliest, as well as most prominent public laborers in the cause of Spiritualism, recently lectured in Elkhorn, Mich. From the *Independent*, published at that place, we learn that a committee of clergymen were appointed to propound questions to the medium after the close of the lecture. That paper says: "The replies to the questions were prompt, full, distinct,—no quibbling, no evasion. There was displayed a power of reasoning, a comprehensive grasping of intricate, abstract subjects, a happiness of comparison and illustration, that we have rarely heard equalled, and which could only come from a mind of high order, and of rigid, thorough culture."

The article in the *Independent* closes with the following brief sketch of Mrs. Bullene's life:

Mrs. Bullene is lady of about 23 years of age. She lived during her childhood in South Bristol, Kenosha Co., Wisconsin, where at the age of sixteen her father died, leaving a small patrimony to herself, an elder sister and two brothers. Soon after the death of her father she was invited to make her home in the family of Mr. J. Bullene, of Lyons, in this county, where she remained one year. From thence she went, in 1852, as a credit scholar to the LeRoy Seminary, Genesee Co., N.Y., and commenced the study of music and painting, with the design of teaching. Her health failing, she accomplished but little, and in about a year, upon the death of her sister, she left the institute, and assumed the guardianship of the three orphan children of her sister. At this period she commenced the investigation of Spiritualism, and was developed as a medium. In the fall of 1854 she went into the family of Prof. Wood, of Albany, and again attempted to prosecute the study of music and painting. After six weeks she was again prostrated with sickness. She remained at Albany one year, during which she made but little progress in her studies, and then abandoned them entirely, at the solicitation of her friends, and commenced her career as a trance lecturer, before an audience in New York City, in January, 1855. She at once attracted public attention, and has since lectured with great success through this country and also in Europe.

From this brief sketch, it will be seen that the only education of Mrs. Bullene is derived from a common school, previous to her attaining the age of sixteen years, and her interrupted study of music during a few months.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE SPIRITUALIST CONVENTION, AT ROCKFORD, ILL.

A Convention of Spiritualists, recently held at Rockford, Ill., passed the following resolutions, which were reported by a committee consisting of Joel Tiffany, Esq., of New York, Ira Porter, Esq., of Waukegan, Ill., Rev. Herman Snow, Cyrus F. Miller, and Henry P. Kimball, Esqs., of Rockford. They contain, in general, a very good statement of the position of Spiritualists as a whole upon the topics touched upon:

Resolved, That all formal, written expressions of this Convention, of its opinions upon any abstract question of religious belief, is a step towards sectarianism and inexpedient.

Resolved, That we will extend our fraternal fellowship to every human being and that we will patiently listen *to* and seek to harmonize with whoever will listen to or harmonize *with us*, irrespective of their nation, color or religious belief.

Resolved, That we will make it the chief effort of our lives to be wiser to-morrow than we are to-day; and we therefore announce to the world that we base our claims to consistency upon our adherence to that principle, and not to our present expressed forms of belief.

Resolved, That man will *do* right when he *is right*; therefore man should strive to *be right* in character, that he may do right in *act*; and that whoever is prepared *to live* is prepared *to die*.

Resolved, That the facts and phenomena of Spiritualism are indispensably necessary to convince the world of the immortality of the soul, and to hereby enlighten the mind in respect to its relations to the future, and that these modern phenomena have, during the last seven years, done more to establish, in main, a faith in a future life, than all the teachings of the clergy for the last thousand years.

Resolved, That the "material" or "mundane" philosophy which shall explain away the phenomena of modern Spiritualism *without* the agency of spiritual beings, will be competent to explain away *all* spiritual phenomena of any age, and thereby it will put an end to all faith in a spiritual life, and will leave the earth shrouded in atheism and night.

Resolved, That the facts and philosophy of modern Spiritualism demonstrate that harmony or oneness can only be attained by agreement or likeness, and consequently that man can attain to oneness with God only by becoming in character like God.

Resolved, That Spiritualism, according to the modern acceptation of that term, embraces all those who believe in the immortality of the soul, and in conscious communion between those living in the material body on the earth and the spirits of deceased human beings, and that beyond this common faith there is no doctrine or creed necessarily incident to Spiritualism; that all other articles of faith entertained by individual Spiritualists belong to the individual, and not to Spiritualism.

Resolved, That Spiritualists have never recognized or approved "Free Love," as commonly understood, as one of their doctrines, but on the contrary have *ever repudiated it both in theory and practice*.

Resolved, That all *differences* between men respecting the Being and Action of God are theological, and not religious.

Resolved, That the religious sentiment in man is a part and parcel of his own immortal nature, a constituent of the mental organization of every human being however degraded; that it imperiously demands our every day culture, and that its brightest manifestations are found where there is the greatest freedom of thought and expression.

Resolved, That we have unlimited confidence in the power of truth to combat error and overcome it; and that we therefore cordially invite all those who differ with us in opinion to meet with us to express their sentiments frankly and freely, in order that they may if possible dispel *our* darkness by their *light*—and that we will meet their efforts in a similar spirit of Christian reciprocity.

Resolved, That ignorance is the bane of human existence, leading its victims to a distrust of the power of God and the omnipotence of truth—to a jealousy of, and consequent hatred towards their fellow men; therefore these Pharisee Doctors of Divinity who, unacquainted with us, and ignorant of our opinions, publicly malign our characters and denounce our belief, should not be the objects of our anger, but of our sympathy, and that our hearty prayer for them should be, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Resolved, That each member of the human family must work out his own salvation by the free and active exercise of his own faculties; and that in our opinion a salaried, sectarian, creed-bound priesthood has a tendency to lead a majority of mankind to depend upon its dogmas and not their own individual efforts, and that such priesthood is therefore an obstacle instead of an aid to the intellectual, moral and religious progress of mankind.

Resolved, That it is proper that we should make ourselves known to the world, as men and women determinately engaged in the cultivation of our immortal selfhoods, and in the great work of human reform, and that we should adopt some general cognomen indicative of our unity of purpose.

Whereas, There has for several years past existed in Pennsylvania a Society whose aim and object is kindred to our own, who without trammeling its members with sectarian creeds are striving like ourselves to live up to their highest light, and are now known by the name of "Progressive Friends," and whereas that name is an unobjectionable indication of the sentiments we ardently cherish, therefore

Resolved, That we cordially recommend its adoption.

Resolved, That we have unwavering faith in the sure advent of the "good time coming," in other words, in the certainty of the long predicted millenial age, and that it must be produced by innumerable changes in the existing opinions and practices of society; and that under these convictions we deem it our duty to listen to and carefully investigate every proposed reform.

Whereas, Our present system of Education is radically defective, therefore

Resolved, That we recommend to the Progressive Friends every where at the earliest practicable period, to organize and endow Common Schools, Seminaries and Sabbath Schools, better adapted to the proper education and development of their youth.

HENRY P. KIMBALL, Sec. of Con.

COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

The consolation under bereavement derived from a firm faith in Spiritualism, is seldom more tenderly illustrated, than in the following extract from a private letter, written by a subscriber to the *Spiritualist* in Orleans to a friend in this city:—

"Let me thank you for your letter. It seemed as if you meant to comfort us as we pass through the overpowering flood that has swept over us since I wrote last week,—bearing away our choicest earthly treasure. Oh! if it were not that love can never die, I could not bear that one who loved me as no other one on earth can ever do, should be gone where the music of her voice, her step, will fall upon my ear never more, till I, also, pass the river! But, sometimes, now, I feel like saying, Joy! joy! she has gone to a tenderer guardianship, —to a wiser, warmer love than ours. Her nature craved and gave love richly and largely, and there her power to love and desire to be loved will be fondly met. Sunday she seemed well and merry as a bird; on Tuesday night, after sufferings that pierced the whole being of those who deeply loved her, she passed on."

If one throw salt at thee, thou wilt receive no harm unless thou hast sore places.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"LE LIVRE DES ESPRITS: contenant les Principes de la Doctrine Spirite sur la Nature des Esprits, leur Manifestation et leurs Rapports avec les Hommes; les Lois Morales, la Vie Presente, la Vie Future, et l' Avenir de l' Humanitié; écrit sous la dictée et publié par l' ordre d' Esprits Supérieurs, par Allan Kardec. Paris: E. Dentu, Libraire, Palais Royal, Galerie d' Orléans, 13. 1857.

[THE BOOK OF THE SPIRITS: containing the Principles of the Spirit Doctrine on the Nature of Spirits, their Manifestation and their Relations with Men: the Moral law, the Present Life, the Life to come, and the Future of Humanity; written under the direction and published by order of Superior Spirits, by Allan Kardec. Paris: E. Dentu, Bookseller, etc.]

We have received a copy of this book by mail from the author. We find it one of the most solid and best digested works that have been contributed to the Spiritualist literature of the day. It treats the most abstruse questions in a definite and systematic manner. And though we may not coincide with some of the conclusions arrived at, yet we set a high value on this, as on every other serious and well-aimed effort for spiritual truth, for we believe whoever earnestly seeketh findeth to a greater or less extent. Whatever of dross may be intermingled here, it is evident that the miner has struck a vein which contains the pure gold.

A general idea of the character of the work may be derived from the following *resume* of the principal points of doctrine, which we find in the introduction:—

"God is eternal, immutable, immaterial, *unique*, all-powerful, sovereignly just and good.

He has created the universe, which comprehends all beings, animate and inanimate, material and immaterial.

The material beings constitute the visible or coporeal world, and the immaterial beings the invisible or spirit world, that is the world of spirits.

The spirit world is the normal world, primitive, eternal, pre-existent, and surviving all.

The corporeal world is but secondary; it might cease to exist, or it might never have existed, without altering the essence of the spiritual world.

Corporeal beings inhabit the different globes of the universe.

Immaterial beings or spirits are everywhere: space is their domain.

Spirits clothe themselves temporarily in a perishable material envelope, the destruction of which gives them their liberty.

Among the different species of corporeal beings, God has chosen the human for the incarnation of spirits; it is this which gives it the moral and intellectual superiority above all others.

The soul is an incarnated spirit, of which the body is but the envelope.

There are three things in man: first, the body, or material being, analogous to the animal, and animated by the same vital principle; second, the soul, or immaterial being, the spirit incarnated in the body; third, that which unites the soul and body, the intermediate principle between matter and spirit.

Man has thus two natures; by his body he partakes of the nature of the animals, of which he has the instincts; by his soul he partakes of the nature of spirits.

Spirits belong to different classes, and are not equal in power, intelligence, knowledge or morality. Those of the first order are superior spirits distinguished from the others by their perfection, wisdom, their nearness to God, the purity of their sentiments and their love of good. These are the angels or pure spirits. The other classes are farther and farther from perfection; those of the inferior ranks are prone for the most part to our passions—hate, envy, jealousy, pride, &c.; they take pleasure in sin. Among the number are those who are neither very good nor very bad,—more mischievous and meddlesome than wicked—malice and folly seeming to be their portion.

Spirits do not remain perpetually in the same class. They grow better in passing through the different degrees of the spiritual hierarchy. This amelioration comes from the incarnation which is imposed on some as an expiation, on others as a mission. It is a sort of trial or probation (*épreuve*) to which they are repeatedly subjected until they shall have attained absolute perfection; it is a sort of furnace or purifier from which they come forth more or less purified.

On quitting the body the soul re-enters the world of spirits from which it came, to assume a new material existence after the lapse of a longer or shorter time.

As the spirit passes through several incarnations, it follows that we have all had several existences, and that we shall still have others either on this or some other globe.

Spirits are always incarnated in the human species; it would be an error to suppose that a spirit could incarnate itself in the body of an animal.

The different corporeal existences of the spirit are always progressive, never retrogressive; but the rapidity of progress depends on the efforts we make to arrive at perfection.

The qualities of the soul are those of the spirit incarnated in us; the good man is the incarnation of a good spirit, and the depraved man of an impure spirit.

The soul had its individuality before its incarnation; it retains it after its separation from the body.

On its re-entrance into the world of spirits, the soul meets there those that it has known upon earth; and all its anterior existences are traced upon the memory, with the recollection of all the good and all the evil it has done.

The incarnated spirit is under the influence of matter. The man who overcomes this influence by the elevation and purification of his soul brings himself nearer to those good spirits with whom he will one day abide. He who permits himself to be ruled by his baser passions, and places all his enjoyment in the gratification of the grosser appetites, connects himself with impure spirits in giving the preponderance to his animal nature.

Spirits sustain constant relations to men. The good spirits lead us to goodness, sustain us in the trials of life and aid us to support them with courage and resignation; the bad entice us to evil;—it is a pleasure to them to see us succumb and assimilate ourselves to them.

The communications of spirits with men are occult or ostensible. The occult communications take place by the good or evil influence they exert upon us unconsciously to ourselves; it is for our judgment to determine the good or evil inspirations. The ostensible communications take place by means of writing, speaking or other material manifestations, most generally through mediums who serve as their instruments.

Spirits manifest themselves to us spontaneously or by evocation. Spirits may be evoked, those of obscure personages as well as the most illustrious men, in whatever age they have lived,—those of our relatives, our friends or our enemies; and we may obtain from them by written or verbal communications, counsels, instructions respecting their present life, their thoughts and feelings towards us, and such other revelations as they are permitted to make us.

Spirits are attracted by sympathy with the moral nature of those who evoke them. Superior spirits are attracted by serious circles, where dominate the love of goodness and truth and the desire to be instructed and made better. Their presence excludes the low spirits, who on the contrary find free access, and can act freely among persons who are frivolous or guided solely by curiosity, and under circumstances where they meet the low propensities of men. So far from obtaining from them either good advice or useful instructions, we can only expect trifling, lies and low pleasantries or mystifications; for they often borrow venerated names the better to lead us into error.

It is easy to distinguish between good and evil spirits; the language of exalted spirits is always dignified, noble, imbued with the highest morality, free from every base passion; their counsels breathe the purest wisdom, and have always for their design our elevation and the good of humanity. That of low spirits, on the contrary, is inconsistent, often trivial and even gross; if they sometimes say good and truthful things, they oftener through malice or ignorance say those which are false or absurd; they sport with our credulity, and amuse themselves at the expense of those who question them by flattering their vanity and nurturing their desires with false hopes. In a word, exalted communications can only come to circles of which the members are united in an aspiration for goodness and truth.

The morals of the higher spirits resolve themselves into this maxim of Christ: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them;" that is, do good and not evil. Man may find in this principle the universal rule of conduct for his least actions. They teach us that self-love, pride, and sensuality are passions which bring us nearer the animal, in attaching us to matter; that the man who in this life rises above these things becomes more spiritual in his nature; that each one of us should make ourselves useful according to the means which God has placed in our hands; that the strong and the powerful should sustain and protect the feeble, for he that abuses his power to oppress his fellow-creature, violates the law of God. They teach, finally, that in the spirit-world nothing can be hidden; the hypocrite will be unmasked, and all his vileness exposed; that the inevitable constant presence of those we have wronged will be one of our punishments in the future; that to the higher and lower states of spirits are attached pleasures and pains which are unknown to us upon the earth.

But they teach, also, that there is no unpardonable fault which may not be effaced by repentance and a better conduct. Man will find in the different existences means to advance according to his desire and his efforts in the path of progress toward that perfection which is his final destination."

The body of the work contains the evidences and arguments which go to sustain the above points, together with answers to objections and elucidations of questions. It is mainly in the double form of questions and answers, side by side with the deductions therefrom, arranged to present a consecutive treatise upon the subjects under consideration. We hope to see the work for sale in this country, and that it will find many thoughtful readers—which perhaps we can hardly expect, unless it be translated into our language.

A REVIEW OF REV. I. E. DWINELL'S SERMON AGAINST SPIRITUALISM. By J. H. W. TOOHEY. Boston: Published by Bela Marsh, 15 Franklin street. 1857.

This is a pamphlet of forty-eight pages. As a review it is able and pointed, and, to our mind, fully accomplishes the work it undertakes, that of showing up the absurdities, inconsistencies and contradictions of an "orthodox" assailant of Spiritualism; but the book has a higher merit, as a presentation and defence of the religious element in this faith, and as showing the light in which the large proportion of Spiritualists view the Bible, and the evidences of spirit-manifestation therein recorded. We recommend the perusal of this review to every candid inquirer for the truth of Spiritualism, particularly to such as have stumbled on the objections thrown in its way by sectarian opponents.

WHAT'S O'CLOCK? MODERN SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS: Are they in accordance with Reason and Past Revelations? Published by S. T. Munson, No. 5 Great Jones st., New York. 1857.

A pamphlet of fifty-two pages. It is written in a calm and candid spirit, and is clear and logical in its reasoning. It is an excellent document for circulation among those who are examining the evidences of Spiritualism. Many objections which rise up in the mind are here met, and inquiries which will occur to every candid investigator are here answered in plain and unequivocal terms.

HOW TO DO BUSINESS: A Pocket Manual of Practical Affairs, and Guide to Success in Life; embracing Principles of Business; Advice in reference to a Business Education; Choice of a Pursuit; Buying and Selling; General Management; Manufacturing; Mechanical Trades; Farming; Book and Newspaper Publishing; Miscellaneous Enterprises; Causes of Success and Failure; How to get Customers; Business Maxims; Letter to a Young Lawyer; Business Forms; Legal and Useful Information; and a *Dictionary of Commercial Terms*. New York: Fowler & Wells, No. 308 Broadway. Boston: 142 Washington st. 1857.

This is another of that excellent series of "Hand-books for Self-Improvement." It should be in the possession of every young man who is about entering upon active life; and many men of experience might find useful hints in its pages. The book is unqualifiedly a valuable one.

BRIEF LONGHAND: A System of Longhand Contractions by means of which the principal advantages of Shorthand are secured without resort to stenographic characters, and with perfect legibility; the whole methodically arranged and amply illustrated; to which are added several appendices pertaining to Phonotopy and Phonography. By Andrew J. Graham, Conductor of the Phonetic Academy, New York, etc. New York: A. J. Graham, 80 Madison st.

This neat little hand-book, as its title indicates, is a modification or rather contraction of our present style of penmanship to make it serve the purposes of the more rapid systems of writing. To persons who have not time to acquire phonography, and yet have occasion for dispatch in noting down their own or others' thoughts, this system will without question prove a great aid.

X.

For the New England Spiritualist.

WAS MAN ALWAYS IMMORTAL?

MR. EDITOR:—I am entirely convinced of the reality of Spiritualism as exhibited in the varied phenomena of our day, termed spirit manifestations, but I am unable to accept all the dogmas by spirits asserted. I have a strong conviction that in the infancy of the human race on earth, man was but an advance above the lower animal kingdom, and that the higher or human form was the subject of a gradually progressive growth from its primitive germinal state unto a meridian condition of development. This opinion is based on what I understand to be the teachings of both science and Scripture, and implies, in my judgment, that the human race existed on earth for ages ere it attained unto an unfoldment receptive of immortality as an element in man's constitution and nature.

This view of the past renders intelligible to me the Scripture teachings according to Jesus, the bringing of life and immortality to light, and designating him the first born of many brethren; but it also implies that the generations which preceded him had not this element of immortality,—hence that they like David "had not yet ascended into heaven." Observing frequently a reference to the Mount of Transfiguration by your correspondents, in which the appearance there of Moses and Elias is without question assumed, I beg to ask of some of your able correspondents to examine the records and see whether there is aught in them to show Moses and Elias were there except on the mere assumption of Peter (an earnest but bigoted Jew) that two angel spirits of which he got an imperfect glimpse must be these two great patriarchs of Israel. Jesus did not say it was either Moses or Elias with whom he was in consultation, and it is not difficult to imagine that the angels seen were unknown to Peter in reality; while it is probable, if there had been five instead of two, Peter would have added Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, to the others. This silence of Scripture on the subject of immortality until the advent of Jesus is worthy of sober reflection.

K.

MUSIC HALL LECTURES.—Mr. Pardee delivered two able lectures on Sunday, at the Music Hall, to good audiences. The afternoon discourse, on the "Character and Mission of Jesus," was of a high degree of excellence. It is expected that the same speaker will occupy the desk next Sabbath, unless Mr. Forster should return from Buffalo.

If you do good, forget it; if evil, remember and repent of it.

LETTER FROM MR. WILLIS.

For the New England Spiritualist.

PETERBORO', Aug. 6th, 1857.

DEAR BRO. NEWTON,—I send you a communication which, taking into consideration the circumstances under which it was given, you may consider worthy an insertion in your columns.

It was written by my own hand with great rapidity, and during the whole time of its execution I was busily engaged in conversation with the person to whom it was addressed. My eyes were not upon the paper, and I knew not one word of its contents until the person above alluded to read them to me. I send it to you precisely as it was written. Not a word has been stricken out save the signature, nor one added, nor has a single correction been made.

"Faithful to my promise, dear M——, I draw near to you this morning to hold a few moments' communion with you. Of a certainty, cousin, this cause of truth must triumph because it *is* truth, and because it emanates from God, the Source of truth. Men may essay to put it down, to explain it away, but in vain. They cannot resolve it into electricity, or any other blind force, any more than the miraculous powers, as they are termed, of Jesus can be. We operate by the same means that he did. He knew the source from whence his mighty works came; knew that "of himself he could do nothing." Whence, then, his power? As he claims, from the Father. But how? in what manner? direct? No; but through ministering spirits, as in these days; and through his knowledge of the forces in nature, that science cannot grasp. Were his powers, then, miraculous, supernatural? No, but natural. Those who talk about super-natural, or above natural laws, know not of what they talk. There are no laws above the natural laws, which are God's laws. When Jesus walked the wave, angel hands sustained him, bore him up as he stepped, so that no law of nature was violated, for if that had been the case, then *God's* law would have been violated and his character derogated. And thus in these times are mighty works, signs, and wonders accomplished, through the agency of singularly organized mortals, controlled by the spirits of those who, in like manner, once walked the material sphere, clothed in material bodies.

The wise men of earth talk very largely about the forces of nature, as if they had fathomed them all, grasped them all. They will tell you that such and such things are impossible. And why impossible? Oh! because they contradict the known theories of science. They must go learn from earth's lowly ones—even from the mouths of babes—that with God all things are possible. Let them but admit that they have not yet grasped all knowledge, all science; let them humbly lean to the great Source of all wisdom, and be ready to receive truth through the humblest channel, and they will come into a condition in which these natural spiritual forces can operate upon and for them.

These wise men make it their boast that science and revelation conflict, and that when this is the case, revelation has to yield. Revelation and science conflict! Revelation yield to science!

What is revelation? God. What is science? God—that is, manifestations of God. Can these manifestations of God conflict? *No;* no more than his attributes can conflict. And yet the Calvinist would teach you that his attributes do conflict; that his justice wars against his mercy, his anger counteracts his love. And so, too, the man of science tells you that revelation and science come into conflict. Poor wise ones! They cannot see that it is only the errors of men that cling to revelation, as the rough earth clings to the diamond, that conflict with science.

Its eternal truths remain the same, and work on in harmonious co-operation with science, advancing the glory of that God of whom they are the manifestation. Now the point is, can God cease to reveal himself? No; no more than he can cease to exist; and from day to day he is revealing himself in precisely the same manner that he did through ages past. His divine, natural, and spiritual laws are constantly working now as ever, for the good, the elevation of his dear earthly children."

Now let me ask, whence came the above communication? Surely not from my own mind, for I was talking very busily upon the gossip of the day, during its very rapid execution; surely not from the mind of the person to whom it was addressed, for that was as busily employed as my own, upon matters very foreign to the subject of the communication. Will Professor F—— inform me by what feat of jugglery the mind is made to act in two distinct channels at one and the same moment, consciously in one, uncousciously in the other; sending forth from the latter almost with the rapidity of the telegraph, consecutive sentences, faultless in style, and full of argumentative power? I send you but one of many given under similar circumstances, some of them written in so dim a light as to render it impossible for the eye to discern the ruling of the paper, yet every line adhered to.

Letters from Cambridge friends inform me that Professor F—— continues to worry and wear the poor hackneyed, jaded ghosts in public and in private, losing no opportunity to raise his voice against the crying sin of Spiritualism. So thoroughly convinced has the learned gentleman become that Spiritualism is an imposture, that he has grown decidedly fanatical in his opposition, and exhorts like a Methodist on all occasions, not always following the dictates of good taste. Vide his recent effort before the State Normal School.

I recommend these lines from Horace to the consideration of the Professor:—

"Est modus in rebus; sunt certi denique fines, quas ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum."

I wonder when that *report* is coming. Public curiosity is very much piqued by its non-appearance. Have patience. *Parturiunt montes;* perchance a mouse as ridiculous as its predecessor, the *award*, may be brought forth

I send a gem for your Poet's Corner. I think it was never published. I found it in my hostess's collection of rare and valuable autographs, in the handwriting of its author, Elliott, the Corn-Law Rhymer of England. It most beautifully embodies one point of faith in Spiritualism—the return of the spirit. And the ideas it gives of heaven are far in advance of those presented by the popular theology, waving palm branches, streets of gold, walls of pearl, and ceaseless cries of Hosanna.

Who does not turn to the refreshing contemplation of a heaven more in correspondence with this lovely world of ours, where we may listen, as here, to the singing of birds, the purling of streams, and inhale the sweet fragrance of flowers, those loveliest of all God's creations?

I am contemplating a journey to Henniker Springs, as soon as strength permits, and you will probably hear from me next in that locality.

Yours in Christian love and truth,

FRED. L. H. WILLIS.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—A. G. Campbell, Trenton, N. J.; A. M. Dignowity, San Antonio, Texas; J. Mayhew, Chester, Vt.; W. A. Dunklee, Rutland, Vt.; D. D. Marsh, Croyden Flatt, N. H.; W Mcllistock, Belfast, Me.; T. Richmond, Woodstock, Vt.; S. B. Nichols, Burlington, Vt.; G Marriott, Phœnix, R. I.; W. H. Palmer, Big Flatts, N. Y.; R. Moody, Belfast, Me.; O. Barnes, Clay, N. Y.; M. Miller, Homer, Mich.; C. W. Richardson, Belvidere, Ill.; S. Baxter, W. Roxbury; E. T. Pugh, Fallston, Pa.; F. J. N. Salem; E. Hazeltine, Simonsville, Vt.; J. P. Moody, Alton, N. H.; H. Rowland, Hopewell, Pa.; W. G. Ware, E. Medway, Mass.; W. Peckham, Middletown, R. I.; J. Ball, Canastota, N. Y.; I. Smith, Jr., Spafford Hollow, N. Y.; L. Smith, Randolph, Vt.; H. L. Macomber, Castine, Me.; A. Swift, Aurora, Ill.; H. K. Hull, Tower Hill, R. I.; L. Moody, Abington; O. Perry, Hanson.

PASSED TO THE SPIRIT LIFE.

WOODSTOCK, Aug. 8th, 1857.

MR NEWTON:—I am urged to send you a notice of the transition of Mr. ABEL BENNETT, of Tunbrige, Vt., whom you must remember as one of our Committee at Royalton last fall. Mr. B. was over seventy years of age when he sought the house of death (allow me to still use this word *death*); he had lived a life of usefulness, and had convinced his enemies, even, that a noble soul nerved him in his commerce with the world. His peculiar intelligence, with his high-souled integrity, fitted him eminently for public trust, which he enjoyed. During the few years of my acquaintance with him, I have often been with him in his family, and have ever noticed his undying attachment to home, his fidelity to his family, he was a good man *at home*, and the world has hence a right to call him good. But a few years ago his wife passed on; and while he was growing more and more sad because the virtuous choice of his youth was no more, his soul was illumined with modern Spiritualism,—the companion of his youth, of his manhood, and of his ripe age, was once more with him.

Often have I seen the tears of gratitude and joy course down his cheeks while he narrated the evidences of *her presence*, which was proof to him of the soul's immortality. Bro. Bennett's last days were clouded, and his league with death hastened, however, by certain banking relations, which disturbed his neighborhood, and threatened penury to his dear family. With characteristic energy he put on his business armor, and sought to repel the villainy of a world in which he yet had too much confidence. He was not equal to the strife; he fell a victim of disease; he was murdered, rather, by business men. But a truce to this theme. Trusting that Bro. B.'s family may have seen the darkest period in their existence, and knowing that their father being dead yet *lives* and watches over them, I extend to them my warmest sympathies, and assure them that *his* memory is kept green by his frequent presence. Mr. Bennett died on the 17th of July, 1857, at his residence. Peace be to his ashes, eternity to his spirit!

AUSTIN E. SIMMONS.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

LORING MOODY will lecture on the Natural Basis and Practical Uses of Spiritualism, at W. Duxbury, Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 22 and 23. Kingston, Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 24 and 25. Plympton, Wednesday, Aug. 26. Plymouth, Sunday, Aug. 30. Marshfield, Tuesday, Sept. 1. North Marshfield, Wednesday, Sept. 2. West Scituate, Thursday, Sept. 3. Hanover, Friday, Sept. 4. North Abington, Sunday, Sept. 6. The Lectures will be given in the evening, excepting on Sundays.

Friends of truth and progress in the above-named places are requested to make all needful arrangements for the lectures. The meetings will in all cases be free; and objections to Spiritualism, on whatever grounds they may be urged, will be answered.

MR. DAVENPORT has removed to No. 6 La Grange Place. Circles at 3 o'clock and 8 o'clock, P. M. Arrangements can be made for private circles when desired.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON AND VICINITY.

SUNDAY MEETINGS.—MR. L. JUDD PARDEE, of New York will lecture in the unconscious trance state in the MUSIC HALL on Sunday next, at 10½ A. M. and 3½ o'clock, P.M. Singing by the Misses Hall.

WEEKLY MEETING OF PRACTICAL SPIRITUALISTS.—A regular weekly meeting of persons interested in the Practical Application of Spiritualism to Individual and Social Life, now convenes every Thursday, P. M., at half-past two o'clock, at the office of Practical Spiritualists, Fountain House, Boston, corner Beach street and Harrison avenue All desirous of learning of Purposes and Plans are cordially invited to attend.

MEETINGS IN CHAPMAN HALL, School St.—On Sunday afternoons, Conference Meetings, relating strictly to the Phenomena and Philosophy of Spiritualism. In the evening, Discussions of Philosophical and Reform questions. Circles for development in the morning at 10 o'clock. Admittance to all meetings, 5 cents

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening at FREMONT HALL, Winnissimmet Street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

IN CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall, Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock.

IN MANCHESTER, N. H.—Regular Sunday meetings in Court Room Hall, City Hall Building, at the usual hours.

MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.

Wm. S. Weymouth, Healing Medium, No. 2 Central Court. 17

Mr. J. V. Mansfield, Test Writing Medium, No. 8 Winter Street, over G. Trumbull & Co.'s, Boston, or at his home, Chestnut st., Chelsea. Terms $1 00, in advance. All letters sent by mail must contain a postage stamp to prepay the postage.

Mrs. Knight, WRITING MEDIUM, 15 Montgomery place, up one flight of stairs, door No. 4. Hours 9 to 1 and 2 to 5. Terms 50 cents a seance.

Mrs. Bean, RAPPING, WRITING and TRANCE MEDIUM. Hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. No. 10 Chickering place.

Mrs. B. K. Little, (formerly Miss Ellis) *Test Medium*, by *Rapping, Writing, and Trance*. Rooms No. 46 Eliot street. Hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 6, P. M. Terms $1.00 per hour for one or two persons 50 cents for each additional person. Clairvoyant Examinations for Diseases and Prescriptions, $1.00.

Mrs. J. H. Conant, Spirit Medium, has removed to Room No. 22, National House, Haymarket Square, where she will hereafter sit for Medical purposes only. All previous engagements, however, will be ful filled.

Mrs. C. will answer calls for trance speaking on the Sabbath in Boston and vicinity.

Miss E. D. Starkweather, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium residence No. 218 Harrison Avenue Terms, 50 cents each person for an hour's sitting. Hours from 9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5and 7 to 9 P. M.

N. B.—Public circle on Monday and Wednesday evenings at eight o'clock. Terms, 25 cents each visitor. Evening sittings with families, if desired.

Mrs. Churchill, Botanic Physician, assisted by Mrs. DICKINSON, Trance and Healing Medium, who will explain her Drawings on Creation. Circles every Thursday evening, from 8 till 9.

Communications when desired, No. 6 La Grange Place (from Washington Street, near Boylston Market, Boston, Mass). 9—3m.

GEORGE ATKINS, CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM, may for the present be consulted at WEBSTER, MASS.

In cases where sickness or distance prevents personal attendance, by enclosing a lock of hair, with the name, age, and place of residence, the patient will obtain an examination and prescription written out with all requisite directions.

He also cures the sick by laying on of hands, and will, when desired, visit the sick in person. Terms when the patient is present, $1.00; when absent, $3.00. Payment strictly in advance 3m21

THIS DAY PUBLISHED:—"WHAT'S O'CLOCK?" Spiritual Manifestations. Are they in accordance with Reason and Revelation? Where on the dial-plate of the Nineteenth Century points most significantly the finger of God? S. T. MUNSON,
Aug. 6, 1857. 20—t.f. 5 Great Jones st., N. Y.

NEW HAND-BOOKS FOR HOME IMPROVEMENT. How to do Business. A New Pocket Manual of Practical Affairs, and Guide to Success in the various Pursuits of Life.

In the Counting-Room,	For the Clerk,
In the Store,	For the Apprentice,
In the Shop,	For the Farmer-Boy,
In the Market,	For the Book-Agent,
On the Farm,	For all Business Men,
Everywhere,	For Everybody.

"How to Do Business," now ready, closes our first series of "Hand-Books for Home Improvement." It is the most complete work of the kind ever published, embracing the Principles of Business,—How to Choose a Pursuit—Natural Qualifications Required for different kinds of Business—Education—How to Buy and Sell—How to get Customers and Keep them—How to manage a Farm or a Trade—How to Canvass and get Subscribers—The Causes of Failure—How to Succeed—Book-Keeping—Commercial Forms—Practical Rules, Hints and Maxims, &c. Price, post-free, 30 cents; muslin 50 cents. Sent by first mail to any Post-Office, by FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New York; or 142 Washington street, Boston.

"How to Write," "How to Talk," "How to Behave," and "How to do Business," same price. The four books, in paper, sent for $1; in muslin, $1.75. In one vol., muslin, $1 50. 2t

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A NEW BOOK, entitled THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN; or The Golden Age, by E. W. Loveland, is now in press, and in a few days will be ready for the public. It is divided into nine Books.

BOOK I.—Contains an Explanation of the Teachings and Miracles of Jesus Christ.

BOOK II.—Gives an account of the Ages of Iron, Silver, and Gold.

BOOK III.—Of the One Family in Heaven and Earth, etc.

The work contains nearly 300 pages, will be printed on good paper, and neatly bound in cloth. Price $1.

20 tf For sale by BELA MARSH, No. 15 Franklin st., Boston.

DR. RUSSELL'S (Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania) LUNG INSTITUTE; Boston, 659 Washington St., corner Common St. For treatment of CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, and all diseases caused by impurity of the blood.

Dr. Russell's Spirit Remedies (made from instructions received from Prof. Hare's Laboratory) Philadelphia.

CURE OF CONSUMPTION BY NUTRITION AND INHALATION

With the following remedies:

Dr. Russell's Pulmonic Vapor for Inhalation.
Dr. Russell's Balsam and Sarsaparilla with Hyd. Pottasa.
Dr. Russell's Wild Cherry Pectoral for Consumption.
Dr Russell's Corrector for Dyspepsia and *Liver Disease.*
Dr. Russell's Strengthening Powders for Disease of the *Heart.*
Dr. Russell's Medicated *Inhaler* for the *Lungs.*
A pamphlet *gratis*, Medical *advice free* from 11 to 12 M. 16—1

MRS. O. J. PUTNAM, HEALING, WRITING AND Trance Medium, 2 Bulfinch st. Terms liberal. 15—3t.

HEALING BY LAYING ON OF HANDS. Dr. S. Drew, Healing, Writing, and Trance Medium, can be consulted on all Diseases of the Human System, and all business affairs, at No. 23 Tyler street, near the Fountain House. 19

General Advertisements.

"THE PSALMS OF LIFE." A compilation of Psalms, Hymns, Chants, &c., embodying the Spiritual, Progressive, and Reformatory sentiments of the present age. By JOHN S. ADAMS. Price, 75 cents. Just published and for sale by BELA MARSH, 15 Franklin st.

Also, "THE HARMONIAN" and Sacred Melodist, 160 pages. Price, in Boards, 38 cents single, $3.50 per dozen. 18

MRS. YORK, Medical Clairvoyant, Healing Medium, Psychometric Delineator of Character. Mrs. Y. does not profess to hold intercourse with the departed, but perceives both the moral, mental and physical condition of the patient, and prescribes remedies; operating particularly on the nervous system. Is also a developing medium, and will old circles for this purpose every Tuesday evening. Terms liberal. Residence, No. 14 Pleasant street; entrance on Spear place. Oct. 28

THE SICK ARE HEALED WITHOUT MEDICINE. JAMES W. GREENWOOD, Healing Medium, Rooms No. 15 Tremont Street, opposite the Museum. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Other hours he will visit the sick at their houses.

FIFTY OIL PAINTINGS of various sizes, representing the plants and animals that existed on this earth in the early epoch of its formation; also, the first type or form of man on this earth, and the beasts that in the progress of God's laws were the progenitors of man. Representations of the inhabitants of the Sun, and the people or angels of several stars or planets. These paintings have been executed by Spirit Power, and are now on exhibition at No. 45 Harrison Av. Terms, $1.00. Hours from 8 to 1, and 2 to 6. 19 ELIZA H. TAFT, Seeress.

LAYING HANDS ON THE SICK. Dr. W. T. Osborn, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, cures the sick by the laying on of hands; Chronic, Consumptive and Liver affections, and every disease which has baffled the Medical faculty, have yielded to his treatment His success has been in most cases very marked, and such as to give him strong confidence in the healing power exercised through him.

Terms for each Clairvoyant examination, $1.00. Letters, postpaid, with a stamp enclosed, strictly attended to. Office hours from 9 A. M., to 4 P. M. Rooms No. 110 Cambridge street, 3d door east of Western Hotel

TO THE AFFLICTED. Dr. A. C. Dresser, Clairvoyant and Healing Physician, so celebrated for remarkable cures, may be consulted upon all diseases that flesh is heir to. Terms for examination when present, $1.00: when absent, $3.00. Patients will be visited in the city and vicinity, if desirable. Medical House and Office, 33 Charter street, Salem, Mass.

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A REMARKABLE TEST. At the sitting of a circle a short time since, Dr. Charles Main being present and having at the time a patient under his care that had long baffled his medical skill enquired of the Spirit intelligence what medicine it would prescribe for the case in question. The spirit gave his name (as having formerly been well known as a celebrated physician in the earthly sphere) and replied, "Go to Dr. Cheever's, No. 1 Tremont Temple, Tremont St., and procure his Life-Root Mucilage." This was done by the Doctor, and used with complete success. At that time, the Doctor, the medium, nor either of the circle knew anything of Dr. Cheever, or that there was such a medicine to be had, and since Dr. Main has formed an acquaintance with the proprietor, he has informed him of the fact and here gives him the full benefit of it. The above is true in every particular.
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A. C. STILES, M. D., BRIDGEPORT, CONN., INDEPENDENT CLAIRVOYANT. Terms: Clairvoyant Examination and Prescription, $2. By a lock of hair, if the most prominent symptom is given, $2; if *not* given, $3. Answering sealed letters, $1. To ensure attention, the fee must in all cases be advanced.

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NEW WORK. A Review of Rev. I. E. Dwinells' Sermon against Spiritualism. By J. H. W. TOOHEY. Price, 20 cents, Postage free. Just published and for sale by BELA MARSH, No. 15 Franklin St. 19—tf

C.

Interesting Miscellany.

THE CHRISTIAN CHILD TO HIS MOTHER.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT, THE CORN-LAW RHYMER.

Mother! I come from God and bliss—
Oh, bless me with a mother's kiss!
Though dead, I spurn the tomb's control,
And clasp thee in the embrace of soul.
Nay, do not weep!—No cares annoy,
No terrors daunt thy buried boy;
Why mourn for him who smiles on thee?
Dear mother! weep no more for me.

Where angels dwell in glen and grove,
I sought the flowers which mothers love;
And in my garden I have set,
The primrose and the violet;
For thee, in heaven the cowslip blows,
For thee the little daisy grows;
When wilt thou come my flowers to see?
Nay, mother! weep no more for me.

Christ's mother wept on earth for him,
When wept in heaven the seraphim;
And o'er the eternal throne the light
Grew dim and saddened into night;
But where through bliss heaven's rivers run,
That mother now is with her son;
They miss me there, and wait for thee—
Come, mother, come! why weep for me?

I set a rose our home beside;
I know the poor memorial died;
The frost hath chipped my lettered stone;
My very name from earth is gone!
But in my bower that knows not woe,
The wild hedge-rose and woodbine glow;
There red-breasts sing of home and thee;
Come, mother, come! we wait for thee.

Upper Thorpe, near Sheffield, 7th August, 1837.

BURY THE HATCHET.

A dark and savage warrior band
Held council in that far-off land
Where sinks the weary sun to rest,
In flower-gemmed prairies of the west.
The pine-torch blaze; its ruddy light
Showed chief with spear and plume of white,
And lit the brow of sachem old,
Whose days an hundred years had told.
"Give us thy blessing,
And let us go
To lay in dust
Our pale-faced foe."

Out spake the patriarch gray and old;
The love of war in his heart was cold:
"I heard in midnight's whispering breeze,
In the low murmuring of the trees,
And in the war-bird's chastened cry,
A mighty voice from yonder sky:
'Man lives but once,' the spirit said;
'Pale Face is brother to the Red.'
Bury the hatchet,
Bury it low;
Under the greensward,
Under the snow."

Answered the warriors brave and strong,
"Behold, O sire, our shame and wrong!
We gave the white a brother's hand;
We shared with him our home and land;
Back with a traitor band he came,
Our fields and wigwams bathed in flame;
Our fathers slain for vengeance cry."
Still did the sachem old reply:
"Bury the hatchet,
Bury it low;
Under the greensward,
Under the snow."

And shall that dark-souled Indian sire,
Grown old mid strife and blood and fire,
Love's lesson hear in Nature's voice,
And in the Spirit's will rejoice,—
While we who dwell beneath His wing,
Who sing the song that angels sing,
Strive with each other fierce and long,
Battling for *right* with spirit *wrong*?
Bury the hatchet,
Bury it low;
Under the greensward,
Under the snow!

The Macedonian.

PERSONAL BEAUTY FROM THE SOUL.

A writer in the *Water-Cure Journal* in a series of articles on "Physical Perfection" and the influences which modify personal beauty, grace and strength, quoting from a European writer, says, "It is a primary law governing mental impressions, and consequently human configuration, that man becomes insensibly transformed into a resemblance of an object attentively contemplated." The writer sums up the laws of human configuration as follows:

1. "The active and plastic principle is the soul—the true man—of which the body is but the external expression and instrument.

2. "The soul forms, changes, and controls the body through the instrumentality of a nervo-vital fluid or life-spirit, which forms the connecting link between mind and matter.

3. "This vital fluid strengthens and develops any part of the brain or body in proportion as it is brought to bear upon it.

4. "The vital fluid or creative life-spirit may be thrown upon any organ or part by the exercise of that organ or part, or by a simple act of the mind directing the attention intently upon it.

5. "Impressions made upon the mind by external objects affect the configuration of the body by acting specifically upon particular parts or organs, through the nerve spirit or vital fluid.

6. "Impressions made upon the mind of the mother affect the configuration of her unborn child; and they are far more striking in this case, because the fœtal being is in process of formation, and is more pliant and impressible than after birth."

KNOWING WHAT ONE 'S ABOUT—"Half the evil in this world," says Ruskin, in his "Stones of Venice," "comes from people not knowing what they do like—not deliberately settling themselves to find out what they really enjoy. All people enjoy giving away money, for instance; they don't know that—they rather think they like keeping it; and they do keep it under this false impression, often to their great discomfort. Every body likes to do good; but one in a hundred finds this out. Multitudes think they like to do evil, yet no man ever really enjoyed doing evil since God made the world."

CHARACTER AND REPUTATION.—Care not so much for your reputation as for your character, for the former is only what the world thinks of you, while the latter is what you really are; the former comes, as it were, of itself, while the latter is made by the wisdom of your life.

MYSTERIOUS RAPPINGS IN NUBIA.

Bayard Taylor, in his journey to Central Africa, gives the following account of his visit to the temple of Amada, on the banks of the Nile:—

"An hour afterwards my boat ran to the eastern bank, to allow me to visit the little temple of Amada. This temple stands on a slight rise in the sands, which surround and entirely overwhelm it. It consists only of a low portico, supported by eight pillars, a narrow corridor, and the usual three chambers—all of very small dimensions. The sculptures on the walls are remarkable for the excellent preservation of their colors. The early Christians who used this temple for their worship broke holes in the roof, which admit sufficient light for the examination of the interior. Without knowing anything of the hieroglyphic inscriptions on the temple, I should judge that it was erected by some private person or persons. The figures making the offerings have not the usual symbols of royalty, and the objects they present consist principally of the fruits of the earth, which are heaped upon a table, placed before the divinity. The coloring of the fruit is quite rich and glowing, and there are other objects which appear to be cakes or pastry.

"While I was examining the central chamber, I heard a sound as of some one sharply striking one of the outside pillars with a stick. It was repeated three times, with an interval between, and was so clear and distinct that I imagined it to be Achmet, following me. I called, but on receiving no answer, went out, and was not a little surprised to find no person there or within sight. The temple stands at a considerable distance from any dwelling, and there is no place in the smooth sands on all sides of it where a man could hide. When I mentioned this circumstance, on returning to the boat, Achmet and the rais immediately declared it to be the work of a *djin*, or afrite, who frequently are heard among the ruins, and were greatly shocked when I refused to accept this explanation. I record this circumstance to show that even in the heart of Nubia there are mysteious rappings."

RESUSCITATION FROM A TRANCE.

A young lady, an attendant on the Princess of Denmark in 1797, after having been confined to the bed for a length of time with a violent nervous disorder, was to all appearances deprived of life. Her lips were quite pale; her face resembled that of a dead person; and her body grew cold. She was removed from the room in which she died, laid in a coffin, and the day of the funeral was fixed on. The day arrived, and accordingly to the custom of the country, funeral songs and hymns were sung before the door. Just as the people were about to nail on the lid of the coffin, a kind of perspiration was observed on the surface of her body. It was greater every moment, and at last a kind of convulsive motion was observed in the hands and feet of the corpse. A few moments after, during which time fresh signs of returning life appeared, she at once opened her eyes, and uttered a most pitiable shriek. Physicians were quickly procured, and in the course of a few days she was considerably restored.

The description which she herself gave of her situation is clear and remarkably curious, and forms an authentic addition to psychology. She said it seemed to her as if in a dream, that she was really dead; yet she was perfectly conscious of all that happened around her in this dreadful state. She distinctly heard her friends speaking and lamenting her death, at the side of her coffin. She felt them pull on the dead-clothes and lay her in it. This feeling produced a mental anxiety which is indescribable. She tried to cry, but her soul was without power, and could not act on her body. She had the contradictory feeling, as if she were in her own body, and yet not in it, at one and the same time. It was impossible for her to stretch out her arm, or to open her eyes, as to cry, although she continually endeavored to do so. The internal anguish of her mind was, however, at its height when the funeral hymn began to be sung, and when the lid of the coffin was about to be nailed on. The thought that she was to be buried alive was the first one that gave activity to her soul, and caused it to operate on her corporeal frame.

SPOKE BEFORE HE THOUGHT.

The following paragraph, which relates to the late sad catastrophe of the burning of the steamboat Montreal, appeared in the *Courier du Canada*, a Catholic journal published in Canada East:—

"The Rev. M Baillargeon, Curate of St. Nicholas, before a single soul perished, gave absolution to all the unfortunate passengers. He was in his own parish on the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence, observed the danger in which the lives of those on board were, and pronounced the absolution."

The good cure is really deserving of great praise. For a moment his *heart* got the better of his *creed*, and before the latter had time to rally and gain its wonted ascendency, he "pronounced the absolution" and opened the gates of heaven to the whole company on the burning boat—passengers, officers and crew, Catholics and heretics! No doubt he spoke before he thought; but how benevolent the act, and how easy the work of salvation! Why will not this kind priest have the goodness to "pronounce absolution" in behalf of all who now live on the earth? How much misery it might prevent in the future world! Thus it is—men are better than their partial doctrines. The reason is obvious,—God made the *heart*, selfish man made the *creed*.

PREACHING FROM THE SOUL.—Ex-Governor Boutwell, of Massachusetts, is reported to have lately addressed a popular preacher in these words, which may be said to indicate pretty generally the unprejudiced opinion of mankind:

"The minister who preaches fifty-one sabbaths of the year to please the people, and employs only the remaining one to preach boldly the deep, honest convictions of his soul, is the man to preach one sabbath in the year to me—and that must be the one when he is out-spoken."

The aborigines of Australia have a notion that after death they rise again in the natural world, and become white people. They are now very fond of intoxicating liquors—so fond, that if told they will soon die, they reply, "Me don't care; me jump up again white man, with plenty of sixpence for drink."

THE QUAKER'S GIFT.

A brother writes me that when he was a youth his father said to him one day,—

"Levi, can you make up your mind to live at home and be a farmer?"

"I would rather be a *tanner* than a farmer," replied Levi.

"Very well," responded his father, who was willing to let Levi follow his own tastes, as he was now seventeen years old; "very well, my son, I will try and find a place for you."

Very shortly a place was found for Master Levi with a good Quaker. When the youth presented himself at the tannery, the honest Quaker said:—

"Levi, if thee will be a good boy, I will do well by thee; if not I will send thee home again. All the bargain I will make with thee is, that thee shall do as well by me as I do by thee."

"Very well, sir," said Levi; "I will try what I can do."

Levi now went to work with hearty good-will. He worked hard, read his Bible, was steady, honest and good natured. The Quaker liked him. He liked the Quaker. Hence, the Quaker was satisfied, Levi was happy, and the years of his apprenticeship passed pleasantly away.

Just before Levi became of age, his master said to him:—

"Levi, I think of making thee a nice present when thy time is out."

Levi smiled at this pleasant scrap of news, and said, "I shall be very happy to receive any gift you may please to make me, sir."

Then the Quaker looked knowingly at Levi, and added, "I cannot tell thee now what the present is to be, but it *shall be worth more than a thousand dollars to thee!*"

"More than a thousand dollars!" said Levi to himself, his eyes sparkling at the bare thought of such a costly gift. "What can it be? I wonder if he means to offer me his daughter for my wife? That can't be, because I have heard it said that a good wife is better than ten or twenty thousand dollars. No, it can't be his daughter. But what *can* it be?"

That was the puzzling question which buzzed about like a bee in Levi's brain from that time until the day before he was of age. On that day the Quaker said to him:—

"Levi, thy time is out to-morrow; but I will take thee and thy present home to-day."

Levi breathed freely on hearing these words. Dressing himself in his best suit, he soon joined the Quaker, but could see nothing that looked like a gift worth over a thousand dollars. He puzzled himself about it all the way, and said to himself, "Perhaps the Quaker has forgotten it."

At last they reached Levi's home. After he had been greeted by his friends, the Quaker turned to him and said:—

"Levi, I will give thy present to thy father."

"As you please, sir," replied Levi, now on the very tiptoe of expectation.

"Well," said the Quaker, speaking to Levi's father, "your son is the best boy I have ever had." Then turning to Levi, he added, "This is thy present, Levi, A GOOD NAME."

Levi blushed; perhaps he felt a little disappointed because his golden visions were thus so suddenly spirited away. But his sensible father was delighted, and said to the Quaker, who was smiling a little waggishly:—

"I would rather hear you say that of my son, than to see you give him all the money you are worth, for *a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.*"

Levi's father was right, and the Quaker was a wise man. I have no doubt that Levi's good name did him more good than a barrel full of golden eagles could have done him. It proved him to be the owner of a good character, which is worth more than all the gold, pearls, diamonds, and precious stones in the world.

What do you think of the honest Quaker's gift, my child? Was it not a precious thing? I hope you deserve the same gift from your parents, teachers, and friends. But, mark me, a good name is the fruit of a good character. If your *heart* is wicked, your *name* cannot be good.

PAPA IS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

When the late Joseph S. Buckminster was about three years old, he went on one occasion with his parents from Portsmouth, N. H., where they resided, to visit his maternal grandfather, the Rev. Mr. Stevens, who lived in Kittery, on the opposite shore of the Piscataqua. They were to cross the river in a ferry-boat, and for some reason, Dr. Buckminster crossed first, and left his wife and little Joseph to follow together. While upon the river, Mrs. Buckminster became very much alarmed, and expressed her fears in the hearing of her son. Little Joseph's bright eye glanced over the water, and rested an instant upon the familiar form of his father, who was waiting for them on the opposite shore. Then, springing to his mother's arms he exclaimed, "Don't be afraid, dear mamma, don't be afraid! only look, *Papa is on the other side!*"

How beautiful is the unquestioning faith of childhood! It knows no doubt, feels no fear in the presence of its beloved ones. The knowledge that "Papa is on the other side," was to little Joseph a talisman against danger; there was no room for fear in his young, trusting heart. He never questioned for a moment his father's willingness, or his ability to protect him. By the unerring instinct of childhood, he knew his father loved him, and by the same instinct, love cast out fear as unworthy of itself.

Let the little child be our teacher; and when clouds gather darkly around us, and dangers threaten, with the unquestioning confidence of little Joseph, let us say, I will not be afraid, my Father's on the other side.

BRAKEMEN.—Brakemen are by no means confined to railroad cars. They are to be found in every department of society. Wherever found, they are true to their training and habits. They are numerous in the church. They are out of business, until somebody starts an enterprise of progress. Then you will always find them on board. Let the car of religious reform fairly get in motion, and they swarm around in great numbers. But their great fear is that reform will go too fast. Their great business is too hold people back. They never heartily adopt a principle, or carry it to its legitimate conclusion.—*Reformer.*

A DEAD NEGRO.

When the cholera was at its worst in 1849, in New Orleans, an old negro, who had weathered the yellow fever many times, at length got frightened at the havoc which the disease was making among all classes. His master one night heard him praying to the "angel of de Lord," by the light of a tallow candle "to spare him *dis* time—to let him live a little longer and den take him to glory." But he concluded his prayer by professing perfect submission to the will of the "angel of the Lord," even should he be called to go immediately on his long journey. Sambo's master determined to test the sincerity of this last profession. He knocked loud and distinct at the door. "Who dar?" says Sambo. "The angel of the Lord," was answered. "What you want?" "I have called for Sambo!" The master heard the candle suddenly extinguished with a *whoof*, and Sambo energetically answered, "*He not here! dat nigger is been dead three weeks.*"

THE IMPORTANT QUESTION.—In a time of much religious excitement and consequent discussion, an honest Dutch farmer on the Mohawk was asked his opinion as to which denomination of Christians were on the right way to heaven. "Vell, den," said he, "ven we ride our wheat to Albany, some say dis road is the pest; but it don't make much difference which road we take, for ven we get dere dey never ask us vich vay we come—and it is none of their pisness—*if our wheat is good.*"

A DEFINITE FAITH.—"What do you believe?" said a man to his neighbor.

"Why, I believe the same as the church believes."

"Pray, what does the church believe?"

"Why, the church believes the same as I believe?"

"Well, then, what do you and the church both believe?"

"Why the church and I believe the same thing."

PROOF OF CONVERSION.—We lately heard a story that illustrates a certain view of religious feeling as well as anything that ever came to our knowledge. There had been a "small revival" in a neighboring town, and one little girl addressed another, saying—

"Do you really think you have been converted?"

"Oh, yes!" was the reply, "I know I have, for I hate the Universalists with all my might!"

CHURCH GOING.

Some go to church just for a walk,
Some go there to laugh and talk,
Some go there the time to spend,
Some go there to meet a friend,
Some go to learn the parson's name,
Some go there to wound his fame,
Some go there for speculation,
Some go there for observation,
Some go there to doze and nod,
But few go there to worship God!

The true artist, under every form and every line of nature, sees another form and line of more perfect grace and beauty.

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